

KELVIN BUECKERT

Conversations After Midnight

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Introduction



Welcome to this collection of ideas I've called Conversations After Midnight. It isn't exactly an easy ride. Many of the poems in this collection came from hard conversations, hard situations and hard times of reflection.

Once these were were separate thoughts, jotted down at different times and places...however, as time went on I compiled these particular poems into a spoken word album called, strangely enough, *Conversations After Midnight*. They seemed to work together well there so I decided to put them together in a collection of their own.

Despite their subject matter, I enjoyed writing them and I hope you will find some value in them as well. If they did, feel free to reach out to me and discuss them further.

Kelvin Bueckert

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1

Our World of Longing



*The poet felt like broken verses
shards of rhymes unmended
another material girl covered in credit card class
watered by the storm trickling from the corner of her eye...
all the while he was licking his lips, watching his land turning*

*like water melting away with a drought
another farmer withering under the glare of summer
another unfulfilled promise leaving him thirsty...
craving
somehow, in nations asunder
these two could each feel the soul of the other
so familiar
somehow, the symphony of a life breaking
sounds the same, no matter where it begins echoing
the longing to be known
and to become knowing
the heart peeling for something better
than the common river of sorrow
running like blood
through the veins of our humanity
the empty writer who only wants to fill another paper
the lover of springtime pleasure, forgotten by the winds of winter
the starving farmer still waiting to see reward for his labor
the adopted children wondering about their father
the banker who invested his life in money, but was only left lonely
these created masses who really only want to know their creator
to be known by the master potter
a world of broken pieces, grasping for the love of a maker
who knows, maybe life isn't really about us and the enemy
maybe those calling out, left, right, left, right, are only marching
us off to war
who knows, maybe there is no them, maybe, life really is just
about you and me
but what if there was still something greater
to consider, as a human choir wailing songs of hatred and
disorder...*

*what if our mutual dissatisfaction with the temporary
is a sign that we were all made for eternity
something far beyond what we can see
perfect sanity
wouldn't this be...shouldn't this be where we want to be
in a chorus of long forgotten harmony
and the greatest question is...how can we
how can we really be free...from our own arrogance and deprav-
ity...*

2

Predator & Prey



Ugly words

*like the wailing of a wolf
spill over the glass
as if a drunken bartender
were to continue pouring
despite the desperate protests
of a victim drowning
in the storm of an unnatural passion
that drives the frantic paws
the hungry clawing
digging for something to devour
and after
as the winds of lust
are fading
with the shell
lying on that soiled bed
only the wolf remains standing
tall with power
as the pictures of this predator
are shoved away
into a dark closet in her mind
where ghosts of trauma wander
those twisted words
remain, haunting
all those huddled alone
in the corner at the party
all those forgotten in the alley
all those starving themselves for a better body
but still, desperately hungry
to find identity
when the truth is, what these animals say may be ugly
but that can never change your true beauty*

*what they do may be lustful, hateful
but that can never change the truth that you are lovely...*

3

A Conversation After Midnight



God?

Where is God in this thunder?

You may feel that your Creator has only given you trouble...but hasn't he also given you life and the opportunity to live it?

Is this really love?

*Or is it divine anger raining down in hatred?
Maybe it's time to surrender the lies you feel.
Maybe it's time to release that expensive curtain of illusion, even if
it's all you know.
Maybe it's time to show your face again...go ahead...loosen the lace
and see what it will reveal...
Sometimes truth is silhouetted in rain fall...
No...I can't...it hurts so...
Maybe it's time to make the call....
Should I? I don't know...
You may feel worthless, simply because you have nothing...and so
you hide your identity...but the truth is, you are priceless.
You may feel hopeless, simply because you don't fit in with the
righteous...and so you cover up your arms scarred with reality...but
the truth is, there is a hope beyond what you feel.
You may feel broken, unlovable in a material world...but the truth is,
there is a love far beyond this planet, a solution for the pain hidden
behind your precious veil.
Please let the facade fall...
cry out for help
and let yourself begin to heal.*

*Maybe wellness begins when we can see that life isn't found in the
things we can earn, but in the opportunities we have been given to
love.*

The Broken Circle



*Once there was a garden
full of every natural wonder
where every tree was fruitful
and all the creatures would frolic in peaceful union
but when the seeds of sin begin growing*

*they bring a harvest of division
like pride that separates itself
from all those lower classes who should be working
Once, there was a wonder
given by the Creator
the plains that ran as rivers run
through the country of caribou
before the golden calves of religious grandeur
were pounded into the corners of the land
claiming it all as plunder
spoils for a greedy invader
and to every action
there is an equal reaction
says the natural law
we love breaking
but for every salty tear we are given
we raise up a greater hatred
a storm of violence to make them pay
for the happiness they are stealing
and for every little hurt we hold on to
we cook up a bigger retaliation
then our ancestors ever saw
in their time of wandering
this troubled world
The thing is, once there is a betrayal
a breaking of trust, an ignored appeal
denial only preserves a fantasy of health
allowing us to continue, to fail
while confession acknowledges the truth of our condition
our evil, to the judge we've cursed before the trial
allowing grace to flow, like medicine out and over*

THE BROKEN CIRCLE

*those of us broken, bleeding beside the trail
the hands of the offended, reaching down to the offender
a picture of forgiveness, the Creator's will
a vision to restore the union, broken
because only through reconciliation we will heal*

5

Life, In a World Crumbling



*Life may have taken more than you ever wanted to give
leaving you empty, broken, because all that you gave
a star...but inside, you are endlessly falling
struggling to smile...to hide the pain of living
yet, somehow, the truth trickles out*

*streaking down your face...
and you are crumbling
secretly serenaded by that enticing whisper
the devil urging you to surrender
even as the fires of war are dying
and you have been growing stronger, learning
humility, the way of a Holy warrior
brought to their knees
as you remember
your tears are only a symbol that once you loved
and love is nothing to be ashamed of...
as you remember
your scars are only an outward sign of healing
of an inner renewing
as you remember
character is the reward of persevering
when all Hell hopes that you will falter...
you are rising
because despite its sting
the truth is freeing*

6

Two Perspectives

TWO PERSPECTIVES



*One may only see a social pariah
useless to the glorious efforts of a political messiah
another may see the beautiful soul
living just beneath that unwashed skin
One may only see a community failing
a victim to the indifference within*

*another may see the golden opportunities
that lurk just beneath that dusty ruin
One may only see the headlines of fear
and huddle in the basement of their own company
another may discover a world just beyond what they hear
the gentle whispers that continue despite the raging sea
an invitation to go out swimming in that living water
the still small voice that asks us to look at the bigger picture
that sky full of stars laughing at the efforts of the night
all the colors dancing during the rite of dawn
as the sun rises, galloping into a one-sided fight
still, one may only see a chaos artist
someone painting the world in madness
while another may fix their eyes on the light
that will free us from our blindness*

7

What if Christmas is for the Giving?



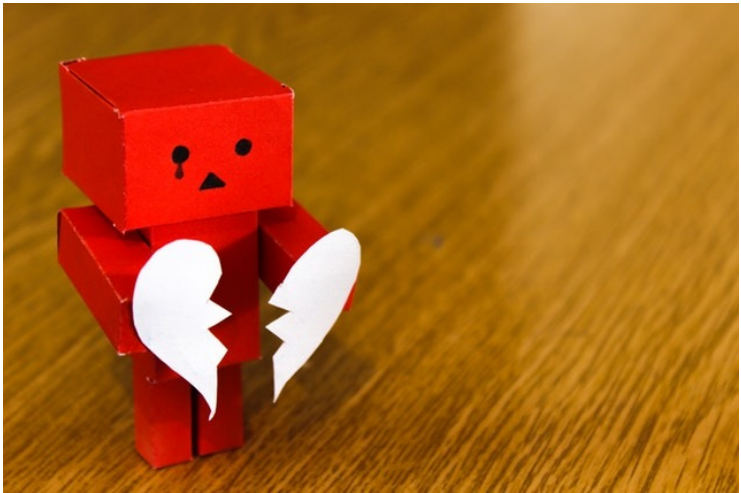
*The story is told
that when the world was black
a light was born
as innocent as a baby
surrounded by a herd of unwashed animals
wallowing in the stench of their pen
beasts munching and lowing, oblivious to the wonder of this*

nativity

*the struggle that is so much a part of love
the pain that comes with every new life
a costly grace, a divine gift to a self-centered race of humanity
yet, it is said that the chance for peace was worth this outrageous
price*

*And the story continues
often revealed in the flickering light of a fireside
the tale of this boy growing into a man
who forsook his home of comfort
in order to wander the rain-cursed hills
the world of creeping wolves
howling out their message of fear and evil mystery
yet, it is whispered, that there in the darkest valley
is where the good shepherd did his greatest work
braving the hungry dogs of war, to chase after those wandering
lambs
hoping only to catch the foolish with love, to bring them home
again
it was a full measure of the wilderness that the shepherd would
suffer in his quest for salvation
the restoration of his flock
proving again that there is something to be gained by giving
by surrendering yourself...and getting the gift of reconciliation*

A Season of Joy/A Season of Sorrow



*A living room
a silent night
serenaded by faint carols
as the arm of a leather chair
holds a mug of steaming cider*

*and we see a silhouette in grey
a lonely face shrouded in the shadow
of an evergreen
wrapped in flickering technicolor
a tree of splendor just outside the pain
the thunder that remains, echoing
behind a twisted face
remembering the loved one missing
from this house dressed for celebration
still, a smile dawns
at the dingle of a doorbell
despite the storm shouting within
courage strides to the doorway
a shaded figure laughing with welcome
even as a trembling hand is pulling open
the door to the holiday
all the colors of community
finally finding some comfort in family...*

9

The Love of Heaven



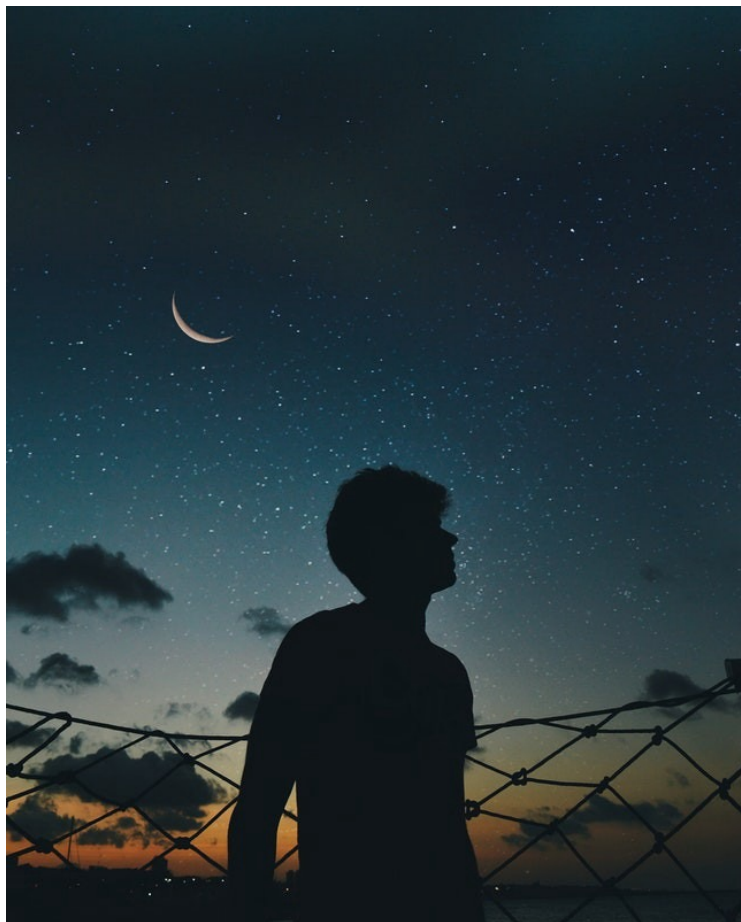
After falling

*breaking
shattered shards
of humanity
are simply swept to the corner
by the ugly things people say
while smiling
snickering
in secret
words that reveal the ugliness
working within them
but not within you
for your soul remains
though surrounded by ruins
a lonely rose
flowering
in a wilderness of doubt
still
yes, the truth settles
so still
like a feather
settling upon a face of tears
as you survey your cracked horizon
you see someone running
out there beyond the wasteland
the twisted limbs
and burned out timbers
circumstances cannot change what is true
your value
as a diamond in the eyes of the King
a lover who
driven by such a divine passion*

*would send out his only son
a prince
willing to leave the splendors of Heaven
simply to ensure your redemption
your restoration...*

10

The Easy Way to Spiritual Maturity



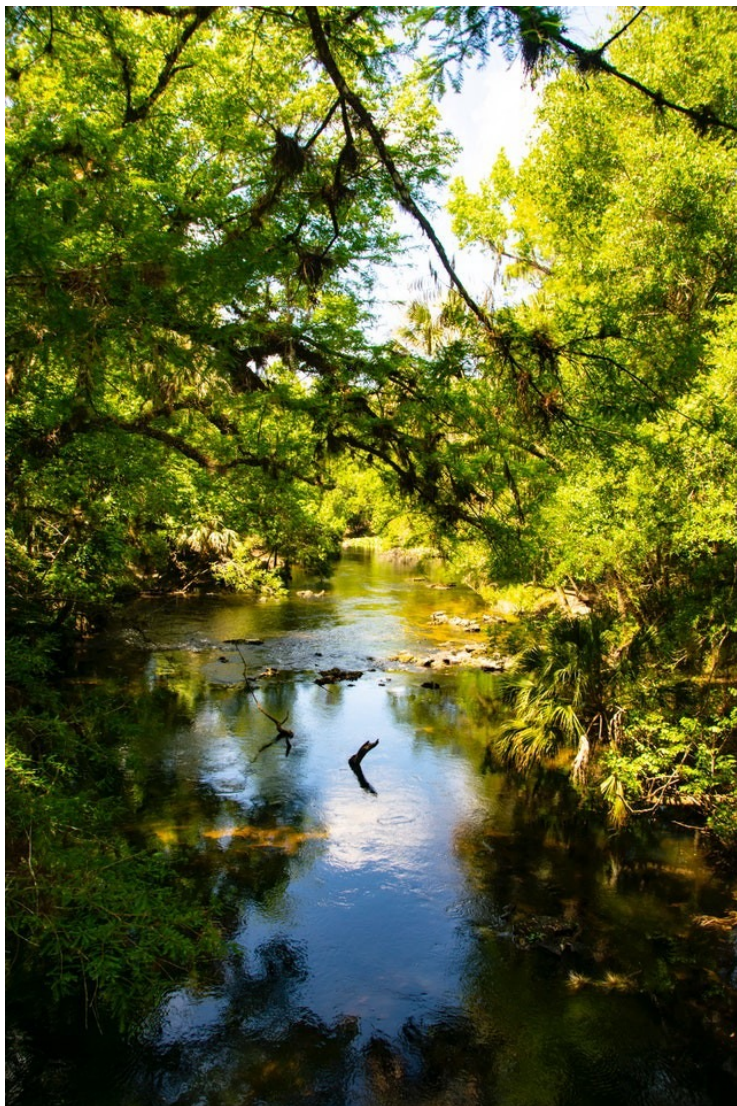
Spiritual maturity isn't pretending
that everything is really the same
that is easy, but if that were true
why is everyone so different
It isn't there in the flow of arrogant, easy words
in the hard rules enforcing hatred

it isn't there in the bellowing condemnation
think, if we really could become guilty by association
Jesus would have never come down from heaven
Spiritual maturity is welcoming the lost and alien
even if you think she is strange
and she thinks you are even stranger
it is loving your enemy
even when he acts like you
Spiritual maturity is most often learned during the trials
that force us to our knees
not through the words of knowledge that only inflate our pride
it is said that a truly righteous man lives out what little he knows
that the valley of suffering is the seminary where a prophet
learns
even as he stumbles, through humility he grows ever stronger
electrified by the same power that set the sun on fire
tossed by the violent sorrow, shaped by a struggle so ugly
the blindfold is torn away and the wise man starts to see all the
opportunity we have to create beauty

11

The River Always Changes

THE RIVER ALWAYS CHANGES



In the end, some say we will remain as helpless stones
washed by the river of time

as much as we may fight the current
we have no power over the raging of the water
no way to keep things the same
 yet, consider the strange
painful moment
running like a blister
when a life is exchanged
for the lie of a serpent
love, for the thrill of disaster
can we not trade our lives for something better?

 Some sell the idea that we are hopeless ones
drowning in a state of mind
sinking in the sediment
they say we are the problem, doomed to failure
with no way to win the game

 yet, consider the the choice
we have how to spend every second
yes, things will change
but we still have a voice
we can decide whether things will change
because of progress or because of decline
we aren't really helpless pawns of vice

 as the river of moments flow
passing by, people living in the past
we see how our choices last
shaping the course of the future
sculpting the features
of the wise
and the foolish
statues that remain to remember
how we spent our lives

12

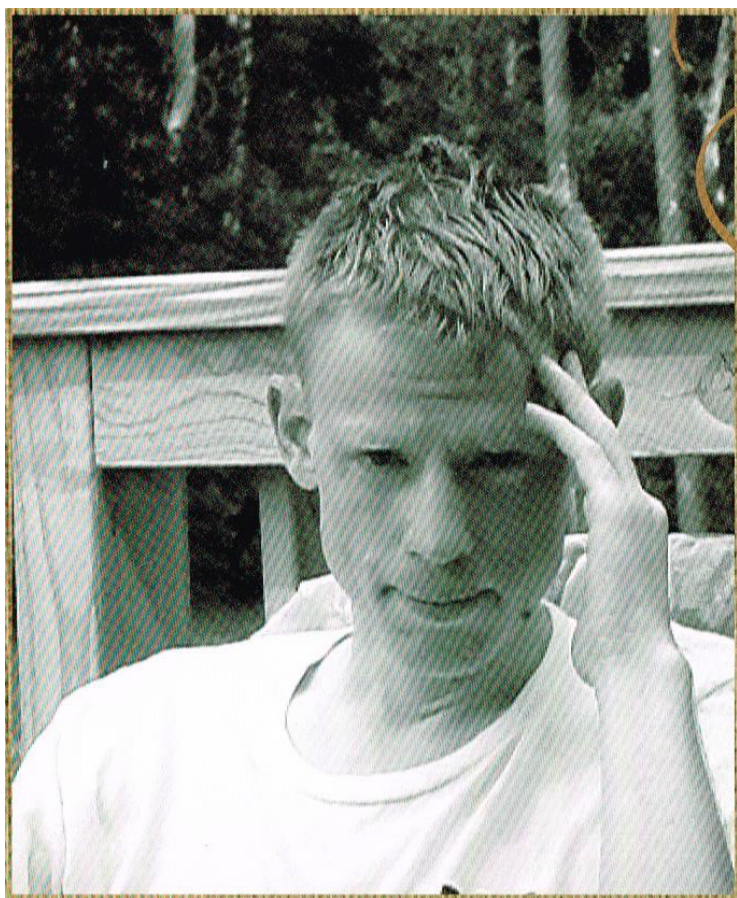
In the Light of Heaven



Even though the storm may shade the sun for a time...remember that the sun still reigns behind that darkened curtain...and even through your rain of shadows, remember that, given time, even the most violent clouds will break...becoming as broken as you are now...as the light of dawn reveals what was always true...that the cracks in

our world are where the sun works its way in...showing us that there is far more to life than we thought we knew...far above us, where the colors of heaven dance to the tune of our Maker/the One who makes all things new/we may well realize that the ones we loved so much were taken, not out of hatred or evil desire/but simply because He loved them too...

Bio



Kelvin is a diverse writer who has written drama, humor, suspense, poetry, and pretty much, whatever he feels like writing. His writings have been featured in many different and diverse places such as The Pedestal Magazine, Horizon Magazine, The Fifth Dimension, Writer Online, The Martian Wave, Lyrica Webzine of Romantic Fiction, Bewildering Stories, Alephion, Washing the Color of Water Golden, and many others.

As an actor, producer, writer and director Kelvin has been involved with many productions. So, if you have a show in the works, why not contact him?

Awards

2nd Place in a Canada Post Essay Contest

Honorable Mention in the Unscrambled Eggs poetry contest.

Runner up in Breakaway Magazine's Hey World essay contest.

4th Place in the Spinetinglers contest.

Outstanding Community Achievement as part of the Austin Manitoba 150th Anniversary celebrations.

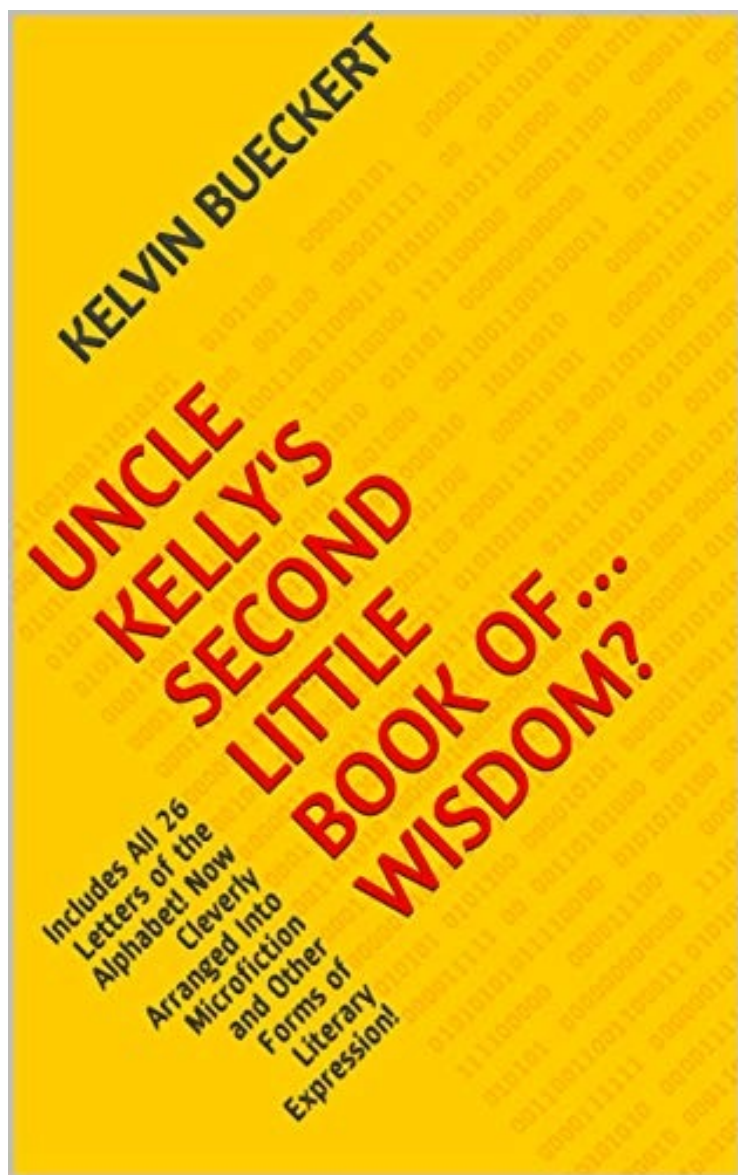
Garageband, song of the day.

Compo10 song contest winner

Homepage

www.kelvinbueckert.com

Uncle Kelly's 2nd Book



Trust me.

I know exactly what you're thinking.

Settle down. I'm not a psychic or a guru.

I'm a Kelvin and I happen to know that you're saying yourself, "he's just like all those other guys trying to sell their books."

Well, let me make a slight correction to this line of thinking.

I don't give a hoot about those other guys and I sure don't want to sell their books.

No sir. I only want to sell my own books.

That's why I wrote this description in fact.

Now that I've got your attention and established that I'm an honest and upfront kinda guy, I should really tell you more about the product that I'm pitching to you.

Uncle Kelly's 2nd Book of...Wisdom?

Yep. That's the title alright, but what is it all about? Well, I'm glad you asked me that. This questionable book includes a healthy helping of humor, satire, drama and all genres in between. Not only that, these genres are expressed through essays, pictures, flash-fiction, micro-fiction, one-liners and even some poetry.

"Wow! If it includes all those wonderful things, why do you say it's a questionable book?"

Aha. I knew you would say that!

Settle down. I'm still not a Psychic...but on dark stormy nights, I can see things...as long as they're in my line of vision anyway.

Ahem. What I'm trying to say is, this book was written to provoke questions...and by asking questions we come to discover answers. Therefore, it is without question...a questionable book is the best kind of book.

Wait a minute...I know what you're thinking...nah I don't.

But when you get this book, you'll know exactly what I'm thinking...and isn't that better than having ME know what YOU

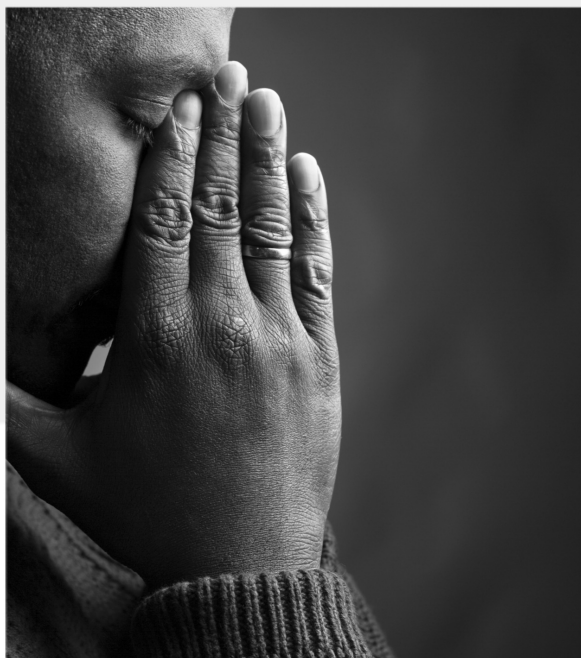
are thinking? Frankly, I think so...but then, I'm biased, aren't I?
On the other hand, have you ever read an advertisement that
wasn't biased?

Drama/Humor/Satire/Fiction/Poetry/Non-Fiction

Beauty in a Scorched Land

CONVERSATIONS AFTER MIDNIGHT

KELVIN BUECKERT



Beauty in a Scorched Land

w/Charlene & Janice Constant

3 Stories.

2 Continents.

1 Message.

So different, so much the same... Samuel and Rob are two young men, living in two different worlds with strangely similar thoughts of romance. Can they overcome their internal secrets and the external threats of war? Will they successfully raise a family? Follow two intertwining stories through three dramatic, humorous, and sometimes horrifying episodes.

Can you face the truth?

Written to raise awareness of poverty and its effects, *Beauty in a Scorched Land* also features a selection of beautiful full-color photographs by Charlene Constant.

Charlene is a nurse who spent some time working in Africa and offers insights gleaned from personal experience.

As an extra bonus, a short story by Janice Constant is also included.

Christmas in Our Town

A Stormy Season

Happy Holidays? It sure didn't seem like it! Melissa, a rich young socialite, was struggling to deal with the fact of her Grandfather's Alzheimer's. She was fighting her family to keep Grandfather in the care that he so desperately needed. Larry, an amateur auctioneer, was about to lose his home. He was desperately scrambling to earn some extra income in order to stay in the little town that he loved. As a violent Canadian blizzard raged around them, the situations for these two young people intensified. How would they solve their two very different problems? The answer came as a surprise to everyone. Including themselves. How did they do it?

A Priceless Christmas

One Christmas Eve, the same letter arrived at the homes of two complete strangers. Both letters gave directions to one million dollars in cash. Why were the letters sent? Who sent them? These were some of the questions that would be answered once the truth was finally revealed. In the end, two strangers would discover the true gift of Christmas. But at what cost? This edition also includes three other heartwarming stories of miracles during Christmastime.

Christmas in Our Town

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Christmas in Our Town

Stories of Holiday Romance and Mystery